

*Bass.* Let me choose,  
For as I am, I live upon the racke.

*Por.* Upon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse  
What treason there is mingled with your loue.

*Bass.* None but that vglie treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me feare, the enioying of my loue:  
There may as well be amitie and life,

Twene snow and fire, as treason and my loue.

*Por.* I, but I feare you speake vpon the racke,  
Where men enforced doth speake any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confesse and live.

*Bass.* Confesse and loue

Had beene the verie sin of my confession:

O happie torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliuerance:

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away, then, I am lockt in one of them,

If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.

*Nerissa* and the rest, stand all aloofe,

Let musicke sound while he doth make his choise,

Then if he loofe he makes a Swan-like end,

Fading in musique. That the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streamer

And watter death-bed for him: he may win,

And what is musique than? Than musique is

Euen as the flourish, when true subiects bowe

To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in breake of day,

That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes

With no lesse presence, but with much more loue

Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme

The virgine tribute, paid by howling Troy

To the Sea-monster: I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wiuers:

With beared visage come forth to view

The issue of th'exploit: Goe *Hercules*,

Liue thou, I live with much more dismay

I view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.

Here Musicks.

*A Song the whilst Bassanio comments on the  
Caskets to himselfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,

Or in the heart, or in the head:

How begot, how nourished,

It is engendred in the eyes,

With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,

In the cradle where it lies:

Let vs all ring Fancies knell.

He begin it.

Ding dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

*Bass.* So may the outward shewes be least themselves  
The world is still deceiu'd with ornament.  
In Lave, what Plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of euill? In Religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approue it with a text,  
Hiding the grossenesse with faire ornament:  
There is no voice so simple, but assumes  
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;

How manie cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As flayers of sand, weare yet vpon their chins  
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,  
Who inward searcht, haue lyuers white as milke,  
And these assume but valors extremit,  
To render them redoubtred. Look on beautie,  
And you shall see 'tis purchast by the weight,  
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that weare most of it:  
So are those crisped snake golden locks  
Which makes such wanton gambols with the winde  
Vpon supposed fairenesse, often knowne  
To be the dowie of a second head,  
The scull that bred them in the Sepulcher,  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea: the beautious scarfe  
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To intrap the wisest. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,  
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,  
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge  
Twene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead  
Which rather threatnest then dost promise ought,  
Thy palenesse moues me more then eloquence,  
And here choose I, joy be the consequence.

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to ayre,  
As doubtfull thoughts, and rash imbrac'd despaire:  
And shuddring feare, and Greene-eyed ialousie.  
O loue be moderate, allay thy extasie,  
In measure raine thy ioy, scant this excessse,  
I feele too much thy blessing, make it lesse,  
For feare I surfeit.

*Bass.* What finde I here?  
Faile *Portia* counterfeite. What demie God  
Hath come to neere creation? moue these eies?  
Or whether riding on the bals of mine  
Seeme they in motion? Here are feuer'd lips  
Parted with sugar breath, so sweet a barre  
Should sunder such sweet friends: here in her haire  
The Painter plays the Spider, and hath wouen  
A golden mesh t'intrap the hearts of men  
Faster then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,  
How could he see to doe them? hauing made one,  
Me thinks it should haue power to steale both his  
And leaue it selfe vn furnisht: Yet looke how farre  
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
In vnderprising it, so farre this shadow  
Doth limpe behinde the substance. Here's the scroule,  
The continent, and summarie of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view  
Chance as faire, and choose as true:  
Since this fortune falls to you,  
Be content, and seeke no new.  
If you be well pleas'd with this,  
And hold your fortune for your blisse,  
Turne you where your Lady is,  
And claime her with a louing kisse.

*Bass.* A gentle scroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,  
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,  
Like one of two contending in a prize  
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:  
Hearing applause and vniuersall shout,  
Giddie in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
Whether those peakes of praise be his or no.

So thrice faire Lady stand I euen so,  
As doubtfull whether what I see be true,  
Vntill confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see my Lord *Bassanio* where I stand,

Such as I am; though for my selfe alone

I would not be ambitious in my wish,

To wish my selfe much better, yet for you

I would be trebled twenty times my selfe,

A thousand times more faire, ten thousand times

More rich, that onely to stand high in your account,

I might in vertues, beauties, linings, friends,

Exceed account: but the full summe of me

Is sum of nothing: which to terme in grosse,

Is an vnlesioned gill, vn schoold, vnpractiz'd,

Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learne: happier then this,

Shes not bred so dull, but she can learne;

Happiest of all, is that her gentle spirit

Commits it selfe to yours to be directed,

As from her Lord, her Gouverneur, her King.

My selfe, and what is mine, to you and yours

Is now conuerced. But now I was the Lord

Of this faire mansion, master of my seruants,

Queene ore my selfe: and euen now, but now,

This house, these seruants, and this fame my selfe

Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,

Which when you part from, loose, or giue away,

Let it preface the rume of your loue.

And be my vantage to exclaime on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you haue bereft me of all words,

Onely my blood speakes to you in my vaines,

And there is such confusion in my powers,

As after some oration fairly spoke

By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare

Among the buzzing pleased multitude,

Where euer something being blent together,

Turnes to a wilde of nothing, tane of ioy

Exprest, and not exprest: but when this ring

Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,

O then be bold to say *Bassanio*'s dead.

*Ner.* My Lord and Lady, it is now our time

That haue stood by and seene our wishes prosper,

To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.

*Gra.* My Lord *Bassanio*, and my gentle Lady,

I wish you all the ioy that you can wish:

For I am sure you can wish none from me:

And when your Honours meane to solemnize

The bargain of your faith: I doe beseech you

Euen at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thanke your Lordship, you gaue got me one.

My eyes my Lord can looke as swift as yours:

You saw the mistres, I beheld the maid:

You lou'd, I lou'd for intermission,

No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;

Your fortune stood vpon the caskets there,

And so did mine too, as the matter falls:

For wooing heere vntill I swet againe,

And swearing till my very rough was dry

With oathes of loue, at last, if promise last,

I got a promise of this faire one heere:

To haue her loue: provided that your fortune

Atchieu'd her mistresse.

*Por.* Is this true *Nerissa*?

*Ner.* Madam it is so, so you stand pleas'd withall.

*Bass.* And doe you *Gratiano* meane good faith?

*Gra.* Yes faith my Lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be mu-

riage.

*Gra.* Weele play with them

sand ducats.

*Ner.* What and stake down

*Gra.* No, we shal nere win

downe.

But who comes heere? *Lorenzo*

What and my old Venetian fri

*Enter Lorenzo, Iessica*

*Bass.* *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, w

If that the youth of my new int

Haue power to bid you welcom

I bid my verie friends and Cou

Sweet *Portia* welcome.

*Por.* So do I my Lord, they

*Lor.* I thanke your honor; f

My purpose was not to haue se

But meeting with *Salerio* by th

He did intreate mee past all layi

To come with him along.

*Sal.* I did my Lord,

And I haue reason for it, Signio

Commends him to you.

*Bass.* Ere I ope his Letter

I pray you tell me how my goo

*Sal.* Not sicke my Lord, vn

Nor wel, vlesse in minde: his

Wil shew you his estate.

*Opens the Let*

*Gra.* *Nerissa*, cheere yond

Your hand *Salerio*, what's the n

How doth that royal Merchant

I know he wil be glad of our fo

We are the *Lasons*, we haue wor

*Sal.* I would you had vvon

lost.

*Por.* There are some shew

Paper,

That steales the colour from

Some deere friend dead, else no

Could turne so much the const

Of any constant man. What, w

With leaue *Bassanio* I am halfe

And I must freely haue the halfe

That this same paper brings yo

*Bass.* O sweet *Portia*,

Heere are a few of the vnpleasa

That euer blotted paper. Gent

When I did first impart my lou

I freely told you all the wealth

Ran in my vaines: I was a Gent

And then I told you true: and

Rating my selfe at nothing, yo

How much I was a Braggart, w

My fate was nothing, I shoul

That I was worse then nothing

I haue ingag'd my selfe to a de

Ingag'd my friend to his meere

To feede my meanes. Heere is

The paper as the bodie of my fr

And euerie word in it a gaping

Issuing life blood. But is it tru